

## THE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE

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### MYSTERY OF GLASS.

A correspondent recently reported what he described as the "curious freak" of a blackbird flying against a parlor window many times at the same spot. Such an incident is not uncommon. Birds have been known to fight for hours at a time, day after day, with their own image reflected in a pane of glass, pecking and fluttering against the pane and quite exhausting themselves in their fury to demolish the supposed rival. It is another instance of how the arts of our civilization corrupt and confuse the birds. It is the same with fishes. Darwin tells a story of a pike in an aquarium separated by plate glass from fish which were its proper food. In trying to get at the fish the pike would often dash with such violence against the glass as to be completely stunned. It did this for more than three months before it learned caution. Then when the glass was removed the pike would not attack those particular fishes, but would devour others freshly introduced. It did not at all understand the situation, but associated the punishment it had received not with the glass, but with a particular kind of fish. Darwin's American monkeys proved themselves more "knowing." When they cut themselves once with any sharp tool they would not touch it again or else would handle it with the greatest caution. Thus they gave evidence of the simpler forms of reason of which monkeys are no doubt capable, but birds are evidently lacking in reasoning powers.

Whatever may be said of the ex-king of Portugal, he has a saving sense of humor. Incontinently dumped out of his regal position, he makes his home near London, from which vantage point he can watch the efforts of those who dethroned him. Down in his heart, of course, there must be anger combined with regret that he is no longer the official head of his country; but if we may believe the reports, ex-king Manuel is not eating his heart out on that or any other account. The most recent international gossip that the duke de Vizeu has fallen heir to the role of the Portuguese pretender, and is endeavoring to so interest an American woman that she will back up his efforts with her money (her daughter is his wife) must amuse the ex-king, says the Cincinnati Times-Star. Those close to him say he is most frank in declaring that he has no anxiety to gain his throne again—just yet. Portugal, according to Rev. Dr. Gaster, who is said to know the situation, "will not be a republic long." But Dr. Gaster believes that if the throne is regained it will be for Manuel, not the Duke de Vizeu. Meanwhile the young Braganza, doing his own thinking, makes use of that excellent old saying: "Patience—and shuffle the cards."

The old question, "Do lightning rods protect?" has been referred to Thomas A. Edison, and Mr. Edison replies: "One or more metallic conductors at least one quarter inch in diameter of either iron or copper, without joints, when connected to a proper amount of metallic surface connected with a permanently damp earth, will certainly protect a house from being affected by lightning. Any metallic surface on roofs, etc., when connected with rods, will increase protection." That ought to settle that.

Not long ago a New York tea drinker was reported as saying that 60 cents' worth of tea would make twice as many cups of beverage as the same value represented in coffee. This has brought forth a calculation showing still more in favor of the economy of tea. A pound of coffee that costs the public 30 cents, it is asserted, will make only 45 cups of good coffee, while a pound of tea, costing 60 cents, will make 25 to 500 cups of tea. So tea costs from one-fourth to one-third as much as coffee.

Statistician tells us that Edmonton, Canada, has only two hours of actual darkness in summer. Bibulous persons in that vicinity cannot use the old excuse about being afraid to go home in the dark.

Rev. Mr. Milburn says that woman considers herself the white of the egg and clings to the yolk, which is man. Sometimes an egg is found with a double yolk.

A Washington pastor has given insomnia as his reason for resigning. In other words, if he couldn't sleep he wasn't going to stand up every Sunday and watch his congregation slumber.

A horse thief in Pennsylvania was sentenced to 20 years in prison, and a white slaver in New York to two years and a fine. The comparative valuations of the law in the cases cited carry their own comment.

## HEADQUARTERS OF RUSSIANS IN PERSIA



RESHT, the city from which 4,000 Russians marched on Teheran to demand the dismissal of Treasurer-General Shuster, is the capital of the Persian province of Gilian and is sixteen miles from Enzeli, on the Caspian sea.

## FINDS BABY WAIF

Daughter of New York Banker  
Discovers Bundle on Steps.

Child Thought Cries Were Those of a Kitten—Is Anxious to Claim Ownership of Orphan Deserted by Mother.

New York.—Bright and early one morning little Rosemary Hollister, the eight-year-old daughter of George T. Hollister, banker, 107 East Sixty-ninth street, raced breathlessly downstairs to the telephone and called up Bellevue hospital.

She could hardly wait for the connection to be made, and then, with an eager catch in her voice, asked:

"How is my baby today?"

Delight radiated over her features as she heard that the baby had slept soundly in the infants' ward.

"Thank you; I'm so glad," said little Rosemary. "You will be sure to take good care of her," she implored. "And may I come to see it today?"

Yes? Oh, goody, goody," she and she hung up the receiver and raced about the house, hurrying mother, hurrying the governess, hurrying the cook, hurrying everybody, so that she might be off to the hospital as soon as possible to see the baby, and, maybe, hold it in her arms once more, as she did for the first time the other afternoon.

Little Rosemary found her baby just like in the fairy book. This little girl is not like most rich little girls, but is a sweet little home-body, and is a great friend of the cook.

One afternoon, when it was raining so hard that a little girl couldn't be in the park anyway, she went down into the kitchen and stood watching the cook bake the roast.

Suddenly, when the wind died down a little, there came the funniest little noise from right outside the window.

"Oh, cook, what is that sound?" asked little Rosemary. The cook didn't know, but thought it might be a little, stray pussy asking for shelter.

Rosemary ran to the door and threw it wide open.

"Come, pussy; come, pussy," called little Rosemary, but she didn't see anything. So she poked her head through the door, not minding the rain, and there, on the mat, she saw a tiny little bundle. And there came again the funny little sound, and the little bundle moved. Little Rosemary

picked up the bundle and ran back to the kitchen with it.

Beside the warm stove she opened it and there was the cutest little baby, dressed in a white silk dress, silk cap and veil. And the baby had the loveliest black hair, and the cutest big, blue eyes, and it cooed and gurgled as the warmth reached its little body. The cook said it couldn't be more than a month old.

Little Rosemary clasped her hands with glee and ran upstairs to the reception hall shouting:

"Mamma! Mamma! Come quick! Somebody's brought us a baby!"

All over the house they heard Rosemary's cry, and all came running to the kitchen—Mrs. Hollister, Mr. Hollister, Sisters Dorothy and Catharine, the butler, the footman and all the servants. They formed a ring around the little baby, and Rosemary and all laughed as the little waif caught Rosemary's finger in its chubby little hand and cooed some more. So they let Rosemary feed the baby with a spoon, while papa and mamma went upstairs to talk it over.

Pretty soon Rosemary went upstairs again to find out if she could keep her baby, and as she passed

the vestibule she saw a girl, not more than twenty, wearing a fur coat and black beaver hat, peeping in through the glass door, and there was an anxious look in her eyes. Rosemary ran to the door, opened it, and asked:

"Are you looking for a baby?"

"No, my dear, I am waiting for a friend," answered the young woman, but there was a catch in her voice as she said it. Then she ran away.

Then came a big policeman in a rubber coat to take the baby away. Rosemary cried as though her heart would break, but finally she kissed the baby good-by and let the policeman take it when he promised to smuggle it under his rubber coat so it wouldn't get wet.

Peg Leg His Pocketbook.

Hot Springs, Ark.—As ballast for his wooden leg Harry Hinton, when arrested, was found to have a cavity in the wood completely filled with nickels, dimes and quarters, the amount being more than \$40.

When taken to the station Hinton readily submitted to a search, but when ordered to do so, refused to permit his wooden leg to be removed. This was, however, done by force, and the entire limb was found to be hollow and literally stuffed with small change.

"That's my pocketbook," grinned the fellow, when asked about it.

## Loses Fortune and Wife

Californian Reduced to Poverty, Due to Discharging Debts, Is Sued for Divorce.

San Francisco.—From the highest position in the commercial and financial world to a condition of penury where he is compelled to cook his own meals in a cheap lodging house that he may be able to conserve his money to keep up his appearance before his former associates, Harry Sherwood, formerly general manager of the Sperry Milling company and vice-president of the San Francisco Merchants' exchange, is being sued by his wife for maintenance.

Disheartened and broken and suffering from a complication of physical ills, Sherwood was in court and told the story of his downfall, the more pitiable because it is apparently due to no fault of his.

Mrs. Sherwood has been living on a homestead near Georgetown, El Dorado county, given to her by Sherwood when she left him two years ago, he says.

Sherwood brought action for divorce, but when Mrs. Sherwood asked for a change of venue he asked that the suit be dismissed, for he had not the means to contest the application. Then Mrs. Sherwood filed an action for maintenance in El Dorado county.

The former associates of Sherwood say he was known as a man of the highest business integrity, who discharged every just and some unjust obligations. He is obviously a man of the finest sensibilities, and his unwilling discussion of his misfortunes was as sad a recital as human misery could give rise to. It was the story of a proud man brought almost to desperation. It was the story of a man proud of his reputation for business integrity reduced nearly to penury. It was the story of a man proud of having contributed to 35 years of wedded happiness, during which seven children were reared and married, dragged into the humiliating limelight of the divorce courts. It was the story of a man, proud of a vigorous body and mind, reduced to mental and physical distress.

## GIVES MORPHINE TO HENS

Connecticut Poultryman Does This, He Says, to Make the Fowls Set—Says Act Is Not Illegal.

Thomaston, Conn.—Authorities here are investigating the case of a local poultryman, who is accused of administering morphine to his hens. The poultryman admits the charge, but declares that his action is not illegal. He says that he wished to raise early pullets and his hens refused to set. Then he decided to use the drug to accomplish his wish. Twelve eggs were placed in a nest and a large hen was selected. Three times a day she was given a hypodermic injection of morphine in the leg.

According to the farmer, she remained peacefully on the nest, except on one occasion, when she walked up to the house, stuck up her right leg, received a small quantity of the drug and returned.

Kills to End His Own Life.

Washington.—A Mahometan Filipino, it became known here, killed Evaristo Charles E. Hovey, attached to the United States steamship Pampanga, in order to be killed himself. He "boiled" the young officer and declined to escape. An American soldier was ordered to shoot him, but as the man offered no resistance, he declined to do so until he was told the Filipino had just killed Hovey, whereupon he promptly blew out his brains.

Other Filipinos explained the man wished to die, but was prevented by his religion from committing suicide, so he adopted this means of making away with himself.

## Message of Amos Is Needed Today

By Rev. Henry A. Stimson, D. D.,  
Pastor of Manhattan Congregational Church, New York. . . .

It was in the days of King Amaziah of Judah and of Jerobam II. in Samaria. These were both long and prosperous reigns in the middle of the eighth century before Christ. They were times of great luxury connected with the rapid growth of the two capital cities—Jerusalem and Samaria. The old religious habits had been largely set aside by the incoming of foreigners. The displacing of religion in the court had made worldliness fashionable, and with entire light-heartedness the people had given themselves up to the pursuit of pleasure and of wealth.

Amos was a herdsman of small desert sheep on the hills of Judah, some dozen miles to the south of Jerusalem. He describes himself as a "pincher of wild figs," which evidently he gathered from time to time to supplement by their sale the small earnings of his poor flock. His home in the little village of Tekoa was on a ridge some 3,000 feet above the Mediterranean.

Along with his flock he had before his eyes many a reminder of the God of his fathers who had brought them out of Egypt and, delivering them from the wilderness, had led them across the Jordan and had given them the promise of this land as their abiding inheritance. And now God was forgotten, and his people had fallen into the ways of the heathen.

As from time to time he went down to the town to sell his fleeces or his figs he was overwhelmed with what he saw.

Communing alone with God, the message of prophecy was given to him. It consists of three short addresses. The first pronounced the judgment of Jehovah upon the nations, the second his judgment upon his own people, warning them that because he had known them and loved them, therefore he would visit them in chastisement. In the third, containing our text, he warns them of their danger, exhorts them to return to Jehovah and recalls his vision of the blessedness that is awaiting them in the distant future.

"Bring your offerings," he says. "Keep your fasts, be followers of Jehovah in name. God is not deceived by hypocrisy. Religion is character; he sees through your sham; he knows the perversion of your hearts. They that lie in beds of ivory and stretch themselves on beds and couches; that eat lambs out of the flock and sing idle songs to the sound of the viol; that drink wine in bowls and anoint themselves with chief oils and are not grieved with the affliction of Joseph, they shall go into captivity; their revelries shall pass away, for the Lord abhors the excellency of Jacob, and their houses shall be smitten."

In his distress over the people he cries unto the Lord: "Oh, Lord Jehovah, forgive, I beseech thee," and he has a vision of the turning away of the divine judgment. Then comes the text. The Lord stands with the plumb line in his hand and the plumb line becomes the graphic figure of the final word of God to his people.

So the plumb line was given to the prophet as the message to his people. We rejoice as we apply this text to the Christianity of today. Let us see what its word is to us.

Let us look first to the gospel that we have to preach. That never was more distinctive than it is now as the gospel of Jesus Christ. We have gone through the period in which under the influence of the wonderful discoveries of science, rationalistic unbelief has swept over the land and turned many away from Jesus Christ. But that day was long passed and has been followed by another, in which men have been trying to find an acceptable substitute for Jesus Christ.

They have been running here and there after any form of religion, or of worship that claimed to be new; new thought, or new philosophy, or new revelations, whether coming in the name of some mystery of Persia or India, or some device masking as religion or science from Boston. But men already have found not only that they cannot live without religion, but that today no religion will satisfy a man other than that which reveals God.

We have come back to the religion of the supernatural, of the miracles, and of the resurrection; in short, to the religion of the crucified and risen Christ. We must have a religion that fits the facts of human existence.

The Christian church also, however much it may have erred in the past, is aiming to produce the image of Christ in men. It accepts the challenge to be a promoter of human welfare, and in a very social way, but that is not its ultimate aim; its aim always is to make better men, and it never was true, what has been so often charged against it, that it is so busy saving souls that it has not time to save men. Rather by means of saving souls it has been sure that it was saving men, and everywhere to-day the world is awakening to see that it is the gospel rather than commerce or education, or the refinement of cultured society, which is changing the world.

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